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W. R. HEARST.
AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The Boer Triumph.

The British disaster at Ladysmith is the most tremendous blow the British army has suffered since the Indian Mutiny, if not since the battle of New Orleans. Evidently the enforcement of British suzerainty over the Transvaal is going to be an expensive operation. It will have to be an exceedingly valuable thing to be worth its cost.

While sober judges have been convinced that heavy British losses were inevitable in the beginning of the war, owing to the temporary Boer superiority in numbers, there will be wrathful demands in England to know why the country was allowed to be placed in that position. If the British Government intended to push its demands on the Transvaal to the point of war, why did it not prepare for war before it brought it on? Why was not that army corps which is just about to leave home landed in South Africa before Chamberlain sent a single threatening note?

The Boers have proved that their fighting qualities have not deteriorated since Majuba Hill. Their victory can hardly fail to have a great effect. It will stop the disintegration that was beginning to be threatened in the Orange Free State; it will encourage the Dutch population of the British colonies to rise, and it will increase the chances of foreign intervention.

Still the situation remains as before, absolutely in the hands of England. She can crush the brave Boers if she cares to put forth the effort, and while the European powers may talk intervention they are not likely to carry it further. The blow at Ladysmith has not impaired the strength of the British navy, unless some of the guns and men of the cruiser Powerful have been captured. With the navy intact England is as formidable as ever to Continental Europe. The capture of General White's whole army would not make the work of an anti-British combination in the slightest degree more easy. The time has not yet come for France to avenge Fashoda, and it is not likely to come until French sailors learn how to handle ships better than British sailors can.

Let Slip the Doggerel of War.

Just before the outbreak of the Boer war a writer in London Truth remarked: "It is a crime to loose the dogs of war; it is a blunder to loose the doggerel poets."

There was no reference in this to Kipling, although possibly there may have been a sidelong allusion to the Poet Laureate. But Mr. Kipling has promptly proceeded to give point to the warning. His new war poem is one that only a bard very sure of his reputation would have ventured to emit. Imagine this, from one of the greatest literary lights of the century:

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia," when you've sung "God Save the Queen,"
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth,
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine
For a gentleman in khaki ordered South?
He's an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great,
But we and Paul must take him as we find him:
He is out on active service wiping something off a slate,
And he's left a lot o' little things behind him.

Duke's son,—cook's son,—son of a hundred kings,
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay,)
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after their things?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—pay!

But this is no discredit to Mr. Kipling. It merely proves that he has the poetic temperament. It is one of the characteristics of that temperament that its possessor never knows whether he is turning out inspired melody or trash. He simply lets things come, and the work of selection has to be done by the public and the critics. Tennyson did not know that his "Ballad of the Fleet" was any worse than the "Idylls of the King," and Kipling probably sees no difference in merit between his "Absent-Minded Beggar" and the "Recessional." But the work of sifting the gems from the slush in his writings will all be duly attended to by the "Stewards of the Judgment." As Labouchere intimated not long ago, they will assuredly "suffer not such rot."

Injustice to Tombs Prisoners.

In the depths of the Tombs, where table d'hote dinners are scarce and human intelligence is at a low ebb, there are twenty-eight prisoners accused of murder awaiting the tardy consideration of justice.

Some of these prisoners have waited for trial through successive Republican and Democratic administrations. Because they are charged with an awful crime they apparently have no rights which anybody is bound to respect. Their days are passed in gloom and their nights in misery.

Day by day, week by week and month by month they sit in the same rock-bound cells, stare at the same grated doors, travel the same dull corridors for exercise, and dream the same lurid dreams, simply because a succession of foolish judges and foolish District-Attorneys see fit to quibble and quarrel and evade their plain duty to the limit of the law.

Some day—it may be when these twenty-eight persons have grown gray with age—they will be taken out and tried. Some of them will then go to prison for life; others will be sent to Sing Sing to be killed, but the Tombs will never be empty of prisoners who wait there for years for a trial by their fellow men.

It has always been the case and always will be until we have legislation compelling the early trial of persons charged with murder. In only a small per cent of cases is a delay of over six months required.

Long delays such as Tombs inmates are compelled to endure are unjust to the prisoners, unjust to their relatives and unjust to the public.

Thanksgiving to Roosevelt.

Governor Roosevelt's Thanksgiving proclamation is brief and pointed. It calls upon the people to give thanks for the blessing of having Roosevelt and McKinley to rule over them, and exhorts them to conduct themselves in such a manner as to merit a continuance of that privilege. Statistically the proclamation assays as follows:

PERSONAGES.	TIMES MENTIONED.
I.....	1
Theodore Roosevelt.....	2
Governor of the State of New York.....	1
God.....	0

A Thanksgiving proclamation with no reference whatever to a Supreme Being is something of a curiosity. Even when all religion was banned in France during the Revolution Robespierre had a feast of the "Etre Supreme," as Sir Henry Irving has reminded us. But doubtless Governor Roosevelt thinks that there is no occasion in this State for any being higher than himself, except, of course, Platt.

New Cable to Manila.

This great and glorious country, while refusing to allow a hard-working and energetic cable company to lay a cable to Cuba, intends to lay one for itself from the Pacific Coast to Manila.

Officials are gathering data and preparing cable maps, with the expectation that the matter will be brought before Congress during the next session.

There are many reasons why we should have a cable to Manila. As matters are, we are obliged to take our news as it comes from the Hong Kong cable.

With a cable to the Philippines we would have a direct connection with all our American possessions in the Pacific over a line crossing no foreign territory. Besides, we would then have two cable outlets to Asia and the Far East.

But a reason more cogent if possible would be the placing of the ancient, iron-bound and moss-covered Otis directly in communication with his sponsors at Washington.

By this means it would also be possible for a few grains of truth occasionally to sift through from our Philippine correspondents, without the usual garbling, hacking and mixing on the part of Chinese, Indian or English operators.

Such a cable would give a tenfold stronger grip on our Pacific possessions than is now possible.

Hailstones in Battle.

Watch the effects of the new rapid-fire field guns in South Africa, firing shrapnel shells each of which scatters 260 bullets over a space of twenty-four square yards. These guns will deliver twelve aimed shots per minute. That is 3,120 bullets per minute for each gun, rendering a space of 288 square yards uninhabitable. A battery of six-inch guns would devastate an area of 1,728 square yards every minute, or an acre every three minutes.

Every gun of this type can fire as many bullets per round as 260 soldiers with rifles, and fire them at least as fast and several times as far. The eighteen British rapid-fire guns at Glencoe were equivalent, therefore, to a reinforcement of nearly 5,000 men.

We have been arming our artillery with new guns for a number of years, and of course we selected an old type of slow fire weapon. At Santiago we did not use even that to any extent, but sent our soldiers to hurl their bare breasts against entrenchments. Now our authorities are beginning to wake up to the possibilities of rapid fire shrapnel. 'Tis time.

Confro... Republican blow-gun, on the witness stand yesterday, General ...ey we... ...eep when they are deeply stirred. Scoundrels with a point to ...e wee... ...gators weep when captured. Thieves weep when lying. General ...y we... ...sion that he accepted the presidency of the Ramapo Wa... Com- "bec... ...n employment." Why? ... kind enough to give Mr. Platt a chance for hysterics?

TALKS WITH JOURNAL READERS.

No Truth-Telling Wanted.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I have taken the Journal since "the wicked World" deserted to black Republicanism, in 1896. For a time you talked all right, but lately there have been signs of a weakening of your backbone, and now your "predict on" last Monday (23d inst.) that "the Democrats are going to be unmercifully thrashed in Ohio" looks very much as though you, too, have sold out to Mark Hanna, a good mate for the wicked World—two of a kind. A nice pair.

You will allow me to say that to throw up the sponge that way on the very eve of an important election, just at sight of the other fellow's togs alongside the ring, is a disgrace and a scandal to a Democratic newspaper and an insult to Democratic subscribers. WM. S. BURT.

Gray, Oct. 29.

This correspondent is evidently in a state of mind that demands immediate relief. For his benefit we will say that while there are not many things in which we agree with the late Grover Cleveland, the Journal always acts upon one of his maxims—"Tell the truth." If the leaders of the Democracy in Ohio and elsewhere were displaying the most inspired wisdom and patriotism—if their every act were in perfect harmony with the best traditions of the past, and the malice of the enemy could not discover a single weak point against which to direct an intelligent criticism—still, if, as a matter of fact, the indications foreshadowed defeat, the Journal would not consider that its duty to its readers permitted it to deceive them with Otisized reports that the situation was "well in hand" when in truth it was not.

But when the folly of the leaders in adopting an un-Democratic, un-American, unpatriotic and unpopular policy is driving the party straight to disaster, then the Journal believes that not only its duty as a newspaper but its duty as a Democratic guide requires it to give warning of the precipice ahead. It would be no kindness to the Democracy to swing a white light and let it plunge over the brink when a red one might stop it in time.

Clara Morris Speaks for Artists.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I want to growl, and as it is in a good cause perhaps you will let me growl in your columns—for, see, these are the days of loving cups, dinners and rumors of dinners. The very woods are full of committees going up and down seeking whom they may honor; but as yet no committee has stumbled over those mighty masters of the art of sculpture who turned into splendid reality their dreams and visions of stately beauty, giving their labor freely, working to the point of desperation, and showing as the result of their mental and manual toil the great white climax of the country's pride and gratitude, that beautiful wonder the Dewey Arch.

And these artists, these men—how have they been honored? With choice places for their families from which to witness the triumph of Dewey and the Arch? Well—n-n-o! But that might have been the result of accident; but since then? The committee forgetteth not the Mayor—and I suppose he did sign an awful lot of things and ride about a good deal—anyway, the Mayor accepts the honor. For it is written, "whatever he (the committee) doeth, it shall prosper."

As for the artists, "it is not so with them; they are like the chaff which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth."

I don't suppose they yearn to go prancing about with jewelled swords at their hips; but many people who are grateful to these men for the beauty they have brought into our daily lives would like to have some committee ask them to a square meal, and have some one who knows how to speak for others tell them in glowing words how the people at large honor and thank them for their masterpiece—the Dewey Arch.

CLARA MORRIS.

Miss Morris's growl is eminently justified. The construction of the Dewey Arch cost more American lives than the naval victories of Manila and Santiago combined. The sculptors sacrificed themselves for their country as truly as if they had died in battle. Honor them all, the dead and the living, for their valiant work and their unselfish devotion.

Rich Men and Customs Duties.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Why are wealthy men forever fighting the just amount of their taxes and the just amount of their customs duties? Rich men vote for certain laws and then hope to be able, by reason of their importance, to be exempted from their provisions.

Commodore Gerry came to this country the other day with twenty-eight trunks, which were justly appraised by the customs officers according to the Dingley Tariff law. Mr. Gerry calls this an "outrage" and says it is the result of "class" legislation.

What "class," pray? A class of snobs, who are forever kicking about their legal dues to the country. CHARLES J. F——.

Oct. 31.

There are a few wealthy citizens who pay the just amount of their local taxes and a great many who do not. But we hardly know of one who will not protest and argue even to the point of going to law over the question of a few dollars' customs duties. It seems to be human nature to do so. Very few persons seem to regard the defrauding of the Government as thievery. Mr. Gerry has not defrauded the Government. He will pay the required duties with the usual rich man's indignation.

His complaint of class legislation is based, of course, on the undeniable fact that no steerage passenger is likely to come over here with twenty-eight trunks containing forty-eight Parisian gowns.

Let Us Not Degenerate.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Thousands must thank you for the publication in Sunday's Journal of Bryan's "If Lincoln Were Alive To-day" and Ingalls's "England in the Transvaal." Their arguments are unanswerable. In view of the Journal's avowed editorial policy, your action is a splendid exhibition of fairness.

Bryan and Ingalls on these great topics of the day truly voice the sentiments of pure Americans, and pure Americanism has made the United States what she is to-day—the world's beacon light of progress and liberty. Let us continue on the lines that have made us great. We can degenerate only when we ignore the spirit of the Declaration of Independence.

The hatred of races subjugated by conquest ruined the mighty empires of the past and will some day prove the undoing of the British Empire. She will go the way of Greece, of Rome, of Spain. Let us not follow in her footsteps.

C. O'CONNOR.

Schenectady, N. Y., Oct. 29.

CRANE'S NEW PLAY A SLOUGH OF DESPOND, SAYS ALAN DALE.

"A Rich's Man's Son" Is More Wooden Than the Unlamented "Peter Stuyvesant," he Finds, and the Impossible Characters Contribute to the Melancholy Effect of the Piece.

THOSE who saw "Peter Stuyvesant" at Wallack's Theatre recently probably set it down as the very finest example of the genus bad play. However, Messrs. Bronson Howard and Brander Mathews lost their record last night when Mr. Crane produced "A Rich Man's Son." This was founded on a German play

Miss Sandol Milliken.
(From Photograph by Schloss.)

by Karlweiss, the founder—I might almost say confounder—being Michael Morton.

Mr. Crane's friends seemed anxious to see him come out a winner, for Crane can be a very lovable sort of actor when he doesn't suffer from a misfit role. But "A Rich Man's Son" seemed to reek with everything false—sentiment, humor, situation, dialogue. You wondered what on earth you were looking at—whether it was farce, comedy, drama, extravaganza or silent comic opera. In his last play Crane has a wooden leg. In his new play the wooden quality seemed to have risen to the brain.

In "A Rich Man's Son" the popular actor plays the part of one of those well-known old stage fathers who have risen from the ranks. (In other words, one of those rank old fathers.) He is a retired lumberman—a rough diamond, with a crumpled shirt front and an amiable way of misbehaving himself in polite society. So far so good. We know the type, and before I went to Wallack's last night I thought it would suit Crane admirably, and give him those bluff, jovial opportunities for which his eccentric talents clamor.

Peter has a cad of a son who has socialistic ideas. He has been educated abroad, and returns to discover that he has a mission in life. There was a good chance to aim keen shafts of satire at those kid-glove socialists who build up splendid theories for "the poor workingman" from their own lap of luxury. Arthur, however, was merely a blackguard, in whom the audience felt not an iota of sympathy after he had been before them for five minutes. All he did was to rail at his father, rail at his wealth, and talk a lot of rubbish about the amelioration of his fellow citizens.

His cure is effected by the father pretending to become suddenly poor. Nobody loves stage poverty better than Crane. He is never happier than when ruin stares him in the face. But in this particular case his poverty was neither humorous nor the other thing. At a moment's notice he drags his family to a tenement house. All "point" is forsaken. All logic is thrown to the winds. All method is abandoned. You get a silly scene in Tompkins square, in which the still rich people play at being paupers, and in which the son is brought to feel the sting of poverty. There is no truth and there is no sincerity in the dull and aimless happenings of these characters.

And what characters they are! German, of course, at the start, and German at the finish. There is a daughter who doffs her satin evening dress for the robes of indigence. (Fancy a father, hankering for "the sympathy of the audience," dragging his ruffled daughter down to turnips and tenement house!) There is a friend of the family, who is there for no earthly reason, and who never utters an interesting word. There is a haus-frau, hopelessly German, addicted to brushing dust from other people's furniture and killing moths in other people's houses, and there is a henpecked husband, who wouldn't bring tears to the eyes of the laughing philosopher.

A star, anxious to make his audience laugh, must surely be supplied with plausible surroundings. Mr. Crane's role dovetailed into some other play might afford some excuse for a smile. But surrounded as he was by impossible types, and doing impossible things in an impossible manner, for impossible results, it seemed to me to be very melancholy piece of work. We laughed when he said to his son, "The only clever thing you ever did was to select your father." That seemed apropos in the first act. But later on we were not so sure of it. Peter Dibdin was certainly a foolish old party, and any inclination we might have had at the beginning of the play to cherish him as a rough diamond was nipped in the early bud. To cure a cad of a son he makes a cur of little daughter suffer. The audience were far more interested in the girl than they were in the boy. In other words, the remedy was worse than the disease. Those who could find amusement in that tenement house scene must be as senseless as Dibdin himself.

Miss Selena Johnson.

Crane turned on all the comedy effects for which he has been long famous, including his unique chuckles and his amiable mannerisms. It is not a grateful task to chronicle the fact that they went for so little. In fact, it seems like sheer ingratitude. We complained of Peter Stuyvesant because he was too serious. Now, when Crane listens to our words and gives us Peter Dibdin, we are still unsatisfied. What do we want? Answer: We want a play. We want to see our Crane funny, amid surroundings that cater to his fun. He deserves these surroundings. He can't plant himself in a mausoleum of dulness and ask us to laugh at a very osses-like witticism. He must have a funny role, in a funny play. "A Rich Man's Son" is a slough of despond.

William H. Crane.
(From Copyright Photograph by Chickering.)

William Courtleigh as Arthur seemed to feel the insincerity of the whole thing. Courtleigh can act with conviction, but it is not to his discredit to say that he could not infuse any life into the character of a brainless idiot, who sighs for poverty in one act and gets tired of it when the cook stove and the turnips appear, half an hour later. If this is the German way of responding to arguments on socialism it is not a very satisfactory way. Miss Percy Haswell as the daughter was charming in her own stereotyped manner—a trifle less gurgly than usual. At any rate, she seemed to be the only sensible person in the entire proceedings. Miss Evelyn Carter as the impossible haus-frau relied for her effect upon a haughty tone of voice and the usual stage way of looking over the heads of the cast. Charles Jackson as her henpecked husband appeared to deserve his fate, and Miss Selene Johnson as the daughter of a rich banker, addicted, like Arthur, to sighing for love in a cottage, will, I trust, not need another such comedy to effect her salvation. William Ingersoll and William Sampson were freighted with roles that were as far from life as anything that the stage has to offer, and that cunning little lady who dares to call herself Sandol to the surname of Milliken played "a girl of the tenements" rather prettily. Miss Milliken, like Mr. Crane, might have made a distinct hit had she been cast amid different surroundings. Her good intentions and her ability were there, but it was the good old case of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

"A Rich Man's Son" "from the German," has not been Americanized. Perhaps Mr. Morton's clever sister Martha, who sat in a box, could have done the work better. ALAN DALE.

VANDERBILT AMONG CHABO HIBAS.

FAIRY TREES OF JAPAN TO BE SOLD.

WILLIAM KISSAM VANDERBILT gazed at the Japanese elf trees exhibited in the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms yesterday. They were, in the formal rows of a French garden, on long tables, covered with white cloth. Their leaves in the contrast seemed darker. He said: "They have a beautiful sadness."

There was a dwarfed cedar, a Chabo Hiba, the leaves of which seemed to have been cut out of a green-black night. Its root, formed in the tortured image of a Hamadryad, came out of the moss in the Cochin vase. Its trunk was an S, its branches were stretched like an umbrella at the curves of the S and pointed at its top.

Tagaki, of Tokio, the trainer, realized in this an ideal of the Jikkei shape. It is not well that life should be simple; make it complex by art. A sago palm of the Hosa variety had six stems in remarkable growth. A Chabo Hiba, the green gold foliage of which formed a cascade that a slim trunk and tormented roots seemed to hold in equilibrium, in a white Seto vase, was captivating.

Mr. Vanderbilt said that the first storms made one return to the city; that the days now were short and misty, and that he could see sadly from his house last evening the red moon rise at the end of a lane strewn with dead leaves. He had said good-by to the luminous and sighing leaves, to the clear resting places, to the beautiful flowery earth. All come from it and must all return to it some day.

A landscape on a tray, a Bonkei, has five Cryptomeria japonicas around a stone which was a mountain in little. The artist has placed a tiny bronze house at its base. A Chabo Hiba had roots forming a pavilion and a pointed cupola of green leaves. Mrs. Oliver Harriman's gray gown beside the blue Ruri vase made a pleasing combination of colors.

She was tall, graceful and gave the impression in that oddly artificial garden of being looked at from the interior of a pearl. She said: "Have you seen the picturesque lantern? It is made of stone and is of the shape that they name Kasuga. It has the column of a baptismal font and the top of a Chinese hat."

A Chabo Hiba had a large trunk, bent like a wrestling giant, and branches spreading horizontally. It is one of Genbei's masterpieces. His ancestors had been for three hundred years gardeners to the Lords Kaga. Another Chabo Hiba was a Fushi Yama of leaves, through which roots similar to claws of eagles appeared. Mr. Vanderbilt said that the Japanese had the genius of monster making, and checked his catalogue.

Then he said that there were no monsters. No love is more sincerely national than that of the Japanese for scenes of nature, vegetation and flowers. Not the wealthy only in Japan surround their houses with plantations. No hut there is too modest not to have a tree at its threshold, or a vase of flowers in its interior. In the Spring crowds go to Mumeyaski to see the Mume; later they go to Muko Sima or to Ueno to see the pink cherry blossoms fall on the dark pine trees.

The gardens there are filled with old and young admirers from dawn until sunset. They find shelter in bamboo cabins ornamented with paper lanterns. Tea, cake and decoctions of cherry flowers are served there. Young girls play on musical instruments. Everything inspires happiness, heedlessness and gayety.

In June the fudsi tree has its day. Poets tie madrigals written on thin sheets of paper to its branches. Soon after the irises are in bloom in the marshes. In the Fall the great gardens where chrysanthemums are in bloom captivate all Japan. Mr. Vanderbilt tells these things in affable phrases.

Chabo Hiba, for Which W. K. Vanderbilt Will Bid.

A podocerpus nagia, twenty-five years of age, has its variegated leaves serried in the form of Pulcinello's hat in a Shigaraki vase. A Kinkai-shaped chabo hiba overhangs a Seiji vase, tall and narrow as a goblet, like a branch of lilies of the valley. A nandana domestica has stems as long as blades of wheat.

A Bonkei has a Japanese house surrounded by pinus parviflora, variegated bamboo, tea plant and japonica. A cuciditphyllum japonica has its trunks twisted and spread into a V shape at the top, to hold an Admiral's hat in variegated leaves. A chabo hiba, trained by Yano 100 years ago, has made a variation of the Jikkei shape in its tortuous trunk and branches.

Another, scrupulously classical, has a powder of white on its dome. A thuya obtusa rujaku hiba has an air of extravagant pride in the set of its foliage. A mohkoku makes a lace-like design in the air. A gigantic hosa sago palm has a large stem bearing twenty-four smaller ones, all crowned with fresh leaves. A saru hiba grafted into a chabo hiba gives the impression of a marvel of chiaro oscuro painting.

Sago palms are arranged on a mound of mountain sponge with ten different varieties of Japanese plants. One admires how accurately the gardener predicted in advance the harmonious effect that nature would make of his work. The artisans in the Gobelins work on the wrong side of the tapestry, but they see, at least, the reverse of their designs.

A pinus parviflora has a twisted trunk which a breath might animate into a troglodyte. A juniperus chinincis, 125 years old, has forms of giants chained. A hinoki has a tall, curved trunk with feathery leaves at the top. A chabo hiba of the golden variety has compact leaves in the Mikoshi training, that is extremely difficult.

The largest chabo hiba, 270 years old, trained by Genbei, has the attitude of a cedar of Liban and may be placed in the vestibule of a mansion. It is to be sold with the other plants of Japan in the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms, that W. B. Norman directs, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, in the afternoon. They recall there, in the artificial garden that they form, the verses that Virgil applies to a forest.

Their first line is, "Hic, Quos Durus Amor"——or, "There, those whom a pitiless love"——. Mr. Vanderbilt smiled at it, walking up Fifth avenue in the rain. HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

Superstition and Christianity.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Is it not about time that we discarded the old superstitious views and started up a good, commonsense creed devoid of superstition? * * * Fancy an old woman telling her grandchildren ghost and witch stories and declaring them to be true! * * * Fancy her threatening to "call the dog out from under the bed" or "out of the cellar" if they do not be quiet!

It is no wonder that children grow up to be superstitious. * * * If we want to live a Christian life let us dispense with mystery and superstition and believe nothing but what we know to be the honest truth. * * * It is impossible to obey the teachings of evangelists strictly, nor do I think it necessary. * * * Live for the welfare of mankind in general, is my creed.

Oct. 31. G. M. GRANTHAM.

If the writer of the above letter, which we publish in part, will retire to a dark corner and think the matter over seriously he will find that his closing sentence enrolls him under the banner of all evangelists, however much it may be against his will.

The golden rule is the foundation of all Christian creeds, no matter what superstitions may enter into the superstructure.

We may probably dispense with the story-telling grandmother, but the abolition of superstition is a matter for evolution to settle.

There are different creeds of Christianity because there are different theories of Christ, but it cannot be denied that Christianity of whatever creed is the most perfect development yet reached by the religious spirit of mankind.

It does not matter that each creed has made the Bible a quarry of diverse dogmas. Their fundamental principles are identical.

There are superstitious Christians and Christians who do not happen to be superstitious. Mr. Grantham happens to be of the latter class.